The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

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For the Myrtle.

Johnnie's Boots.

EVERY little boy who owns
Boots, his first topped pair,
Knows how happy Johnnie was,
When they were his share.

Proud was he as proud could be,
Scarce his head he bent;
Boots, he thought, made him a man,
So he strutting went.

Soon we missed him from his play:
And we searched with care
Through the house, and barn, and grove,
But he was not there.

Then how anxious did we grow!
All along the street
Eagerly we sought for tracks
Of those little feet.

Long we searched; now here, now there,
Found was he at last,
By his sister, far from home,
Trudging on so fast.

"Oh!" said she, "what made you, dear,
Go away alone?
We were filled with grief and fear,
When we found you gone."

Thoughtfully he gazed at her,
"Why, I *fink*," said he.
"My new boots, I *fink* it was,
Wund away *wif me*."

H. H. D.

Little Things.

'Tis little acts of good or ill,
That makes our vast account.
No *one*, though great, does *all* God's will.
Small drops the caves of ocean fill;
And sands compose the mount.

H. F. Gould.

For the Myrtle.

Aunt Kitty's Stories.

MARY being an intelligent girl, was often so absorbed in a book, as to forget everything around her, and when the younger children were entrusted to her care, was very apt to be unaware of the dangers to which they were exposed. A gentle rebuke from Aunt Kitty had not been heeded, and now she sat in a comfortable garden seat under a large tree on the lawn.

The little ones under her charge, were sporting about, not knowing the dangers of many things they were forbidden to meddle with. Georgie had taken it into his head to climb the fence, and had just mounted so far as to be able to jump, while he dared not climb further.

Auntie, who like all Aunties, was sometimes uneasy when other people's children were under her charge, and fearful that a wrong step might cause a sprain or broken limb, saw from the window, and ran out to lift him down before an accident might happen; Mary all this time taking no note of things around her.

"My dear, you must realize that children cannot be left to themselves. I fear you will learn too late, and be sorry for not taking more care. But here come Ned and Charlie from their walk. Put up your book, and come into the house, and I will tell you a story."

They all went into the pleasant parlor, where there were no dangers to fear for the young ones, and Aunt Kitty began:

"I once knew an agreeable lady and gentleman, who went down to the seaside for the benefit of their health. They had an interesting family of three little girls, under the charge of a governess, with whom they often went for a walk or stroll to the seashore, where they sometimes remained all day.

There were sands on either side, and odd shaped rocks, projecting over the water's edge. There was also one large cave, which was empty the greater part of the day, but which in the evening, was generally filled with water by the advancing tide.

One day, they all went to the cave, where they sat down; the governess taking from her pocket an agreeable book, in which she soon became so completely absorbed, that she forgot the safety of her charge. Nor was she aware of danger, till she found the tide had come in all around them, so high as to make it impossible for them to get out at all. She became so frightened that she scarcely knew what to do, but tried her best to keep the danger from the children. She made them all climb to the ledge of the rock, and sit there with her. To divert their minds, she told them stories, but they became weary and terribly frightened.

'Oh what shall we do? We shall die in this dark place,' said they.

The youngest one cried for its little bed, and she, taking it up in her arms, soothed it to sleep, while the others nestled close to her side, feeling all the time that her courage was failing. They were on the very highest part of the rock, and she was fearful they would fall into the water below, every moment. Soon they were in utter darkness, the children calling out, that it was now dark night.

'O dear me,' said one of the little girls. 'My feet are wet, and the water is all around me.'

The governess repled: 'I don't think it will come higher than the knees,' praying all the time, that she might be able to comfort them, till help arrived.

The tide soon came to their knees, and all about them, till presently it began to lower. The two elder ones now fell asleep. And fancy her horror of mind, when she thought they might fall from their narrow perch, and be drowned. It seemed an age till the tide retreated, so far as to let a little light in at the top of the cave.

You may imagine her feelings, when the idea of her own thoughtlessness occurred to her. She was in utter despair, when the welcome sound of voices relieved her in some slight degree. And as soon as the boat could enter, came the father for his children, whom he found safe and sound, and refreshed by their sleep. But the governess wss completely heartbroken, and could do nothing but weep, after the trial she had undergone. She never got over the sad affair, and was so plunged in grief, as to become insane. Probably she blamed herself for allowing the book so to engross her attention, as to forget the well-being of those under her care."

"I think, Mary," said Aunt Kitty, "the better plan would be, not to take an interesting book, when others require your attention."

Mary's Prayer.

Mary's mother had occasion to tell her of her faults. Mary was angry, and when she said her prayers, instead of asking God to bless her father and mother, as she was wont to do, she only said, "God bless father." Her mother took no notice, and Mary went to bed without her good-night kiss. By and by she was heard to say, "Mamma, are you going to live a great while?"

"I don't know," was the answer.

"Do you think you shall?"

"I can not tell."

"Do many mothers die and leave their children?"

"A great many."

"Mamma," said Mary with a trembling voice, "I am going to say another prayer;" and, clasping her little hands, she cried, "God bless father, and my *dear*, *kind* mother."

That's the way, children. If you knew your mothers were going to die very shortly, you could not be half kind enough to them. But do you not know that be they long or short lived, there lies before you, written so plainly that he who runs may read, "Honor thy father and thy mother?"

Remember that every wrong committed against a loving parent will, when they shall have passed from earth, "bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder."

For the Myrtle.

Aunt Lou's Advice.

"NOW glad Janie will be to get this dress," said Mary, as she tied the string around a bundle, which for the last five minutes she had been folding and wrapping with paper.

"Perhaps so," said Aunt Lou.

"Perhaps so!" echoed Mary. *Of course* she will be glad to get a nice warm dress to wear this cool weather," she added. Then, as Aunt Lou quietly continued her sewing without speaking, she asked, "Why shouldn't she, Auntie?"

"Suppose you should fall and hurt yourself, making a tender black and blue spot on your arm, would you like to have every person you met, give the place a little pinch, or knock it rudely?"

"Auntie, what in the world do you mean?" asked Mary in amazement.

"Or," continued Aunt Lou, "if you should have a hideous bunch grow out between your shoulders, and had to make all your dresses a certain way to hide it, would it be agreeable to you to have your friends continually asking if it did not get any better, if it could not be cured, or proposing to make a little cape for you to wear, so that it would not show so plainly?"

"I guess I see what you mean," said Mary, "you think that by giving this dress to Janie Brown, I shall remind her of her poverty, and make her feel badly."

"Not 'remind her of her poverty,' she is always reminded of that without your help, but you will show her that *you have noticed* that she cannot afford to dress warmly, and that you *pity* her. Pity is very acceptable to sick persons, or animals, but not to poor people who are proud. By giving this dress to Janie, you may touch her pride and wound her sensitive spirit, so that she will always dread to wear it. Try to think of some way that you can make it appear that she is not receiving a favor in accepting your present."

Mary was silent a long time. At last she looked up joyfully. "I have it Auntie! Janie is more advanced in her studies than I, having finished her Comnon School Arithmetic, while I am only half through it. I lost mine in the street last week, and since then have used brother Henry's. I will ask Janie if she would be willing to sell me her Common School, and take a dress for pay. I will assure her that the dress is good, for I have worn it but few times, but have outgrown it entirely since last winter. Will that be a good way Auntie?"

"Very good indeed. For she will seem to be conferring a favor upon you, and will feel much better, than she would to accept a present which would seem like charity," replied Aunt Lou.

Mary would have more fully appreciated the utility of Aunt Lou's advice, if she could have seen Janie Brown when she unfolded the bundle which Mary had tied so nicely.

"O mother, mother! here is just what I was wishing for, a plaid dress trimmed with velvet. It has just the same as cost me nothing, still I've bought and paid for it, with my old arithmetic, which would never have been of any more use to me. It is just like a fairy story. I can go to church and Sunday School all winter, now." And Mrs. Brown was no less glad than her daughter.

Eva.

"Come Unto Me."

A SUNDAY SCHOOL EXERCISE FOR THREE GIRLS.

All. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. xi. 28.

First Girl.

"Come unto me," the Saviour said,
With voice so sweet and kind;
All who are weary, lone or sad,
The balm of rest may find.
"Come unto me," the dear Lord said,
And laid his hand upon my head.

All. "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—MATT. xi. 29.

Second Girl.

Come learn of Jesus; learn to bear
A spirit meek and mild,
And God, who makes the roses sweet,
Will bless his little child.
"Come learn of me," the dear Lord said,
And laid his hand upon my head.

All. "For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."—MATT. xi. 30.

Third Girl.

"Come, take my yoke," and in thy heart
Sweet peace shall make you blest;
The dove shall fold its silent wing,
And nestle in thy breast,
"Come take my yoke," the dear Lord said,
And laid his hand upon my head.

S. S. Helper.

Morning.

DARLING, it is time to rise;
See! the sun is in the skies.
Hark! the birds on every bough,
Sing their morning welcome now.
Flitting by on merry wing;
This is what they seem to sing,
"Night is gone and day is here:
Waken, waken, baby dear!"

Darling baby, while you slept,
God his watch above you kept.
Now, my dear one, rise and pray;
Thank God for another day;
Ask him still his watch to keep
O'er you while you wake and sleep;
Ask his Son, who for us died,
To be ever at your side.

For the Myrtle.

Naming the Baby.

"WHAT shall we name the baby?" This was the question that had sounded through the house morning noon and night during all the three months of baby's little life. No two could agree on the best or the prettiest name; so at last it was agreed that Grandpa Kendrick, his father's father, being the oldest person that had any claim on the baby, should be the one to decide what name his little grandson should bear.

One morning, Grandpa and Grandma Kendrick came down, and the mother laid the whole matter before them. Grandpa took the precious in his arms, and looked at him meanwhile, as if to make up his mind what name best fitted him.

"For her part," his mother said, "she had set her heart on William; for Willie was such a sweet name to call a baby by; then Willie Kendrick! what a pretty sound it had for a little boy; she felt sure the baby's name would be Willie."

"But his father wanted to call him Jeremiah, after his great-great-grandfather, because he came over in the Mayflower or something; and he thought Jerry would do as well for a baby, as Willie. The idea!" and the little mother tossed her head.

"Grandma Mason was strenuous to have him called Mason Kendrick so to keep the name in the family, and Aunt Sophronia favored this idea, too, because it seemed so aristocratic to put two surnames together. Aunt Sophronia would have had him called Albert, only that Albert and Alfred were such nice names for twins,—so she was saving up Albert for a twin!" And the mother laughed and so did all the rest.

Then Aunt Kittie had written to have the baby called Philip St. Aubyn, after the hero of her last novel, and cousin Rachie thought Bertram the prettiest and most poetical name in the world.

"And my Aunt Maria insists," the mother continued with a sigh, "that we shall call him Samuel, after his great-uncle, who, you know, is rich and a bachelor. She thinks it will please him so much that he may make baby his heir, and she puts it to us as a duty we owe baby. And you know Aunt Maria is so very wise and prudent."

"Then when we get out of the family, we are more bewildered. Neighbor White thinks we owe something to our country, and will be satisfied with nothing less than George Washington or Abraham Lincoln. And our minister leans to Augustine. And I do believe," she said, laughing, "that the doctor would like to have us call him Esculapius."

"And then there is of course the very first name thought of — his father's. Perhaps he will have to be David, Junior, after all. But we are going to leave it all to you."

Grandpa said he must take it home and think upon it, and he would come down and report at night when the family were all at home. The mother gave him all the names on a slip of paper to take home, her own, Willie, written at

the head, a little larger and with more flourish than any of the rest.

That night they both came down again to name the baby. His little pink-lined crib was in the middle of the parlor, with himself asleep in it. And ranged about were all the family, aunts, cousins, neighbors and all.

The usual inquiries were made, and all were quietly settled, when the great question was broached. "Now what are you going to say?"

"I am going to say," said Grandpa slowly and gravely, "what another aged man said, or rather did not say, a great while ago." And he handed the mother a slip of paper on which was written, "Luke i. 63."

The mother opened the family Bible and read:

"And he asked for a writing table, and wrote, saying, *His name is John.* And they marvelled all."

There was dead silence for a moment, then Aunt Maria said, "Well, I should think we did!"

Then there was a great outcry. "Oh, dear! oh, my! Why father Kendrick! such a *common* name. You don't mean it." And Uncle Robert said "John Smith and done with it!"

"Remember *where* we find that name and who bore it. The forerunner and then the best beloved of our Lord," said Grandpa, "before you pronounce it too common. Then remember what it means, 'the gracious gift of God,' and see if it does not apply to our baby."

"Let us look over your list. Willie, — so we might call him were he always to be a baby. But what has William especially to recommend it? much less Will, or Bill? Jeremiah, — why make the baby a family album, to repeat a mistake, made by somebody's parents generations ago. And the same may be said of Mason, though that is better. But when you come to aristocratic, — why some good ancestor got it for his employment, which was honest no doubt but scarcely worth perpetuating forever. As to your Philips and Bertrams and Alfreds, we'll let those wait for other members of the family." And Grandpa looked sarcastic. "Samuel, — a good name well used, but not as a bait to catch money. And when we come to copying great men, we only belittle the name and do not greaten the copy. The last is the best of your list, and that is crippled by the Jr., that will make our man and his friends a deal of unnecessary writing all his life."

"Now to come to John. It is a short, sensible, good name, with a grand meaning. It is too common to be spoiled by abuse, and on the other hand if you want greatness, here you have enough of it. Who ever dreamed of anything common about Sir John Moore or Sir John Franklin? George Washington is not much better than John Hancock or John Adams, and why go back to Augustine. when we have John Wesley and John Murray. Yes, John Kendrick is a well-sounding name for boy and man: and all there is of it will belong to him, and be what he makes it. John Kendrick he shall be."

When he put the two names together there was a great shout. The true reason popped out, and strange enough that they had not thought of it before.

Grandpa Kendrick's name was John!

H. A. B.

My Slate.

See my slate! I dot it new,
Cos I broke the other.
Put my little foot right froo,
Runnin' after mother.

I tan make you lots o' sings,
Fass as you tan tell 'em,
T's and B's and big O rings,
Only I tan't spell 'em.

I tan make a funny pig,
With a turly tail-y.
'Ittle eyes and snout so big
Pokin' in a pail-y.

I tan make an elephant,
Wid his trunk a hanging';
And a boy — who says I tan't? —
Wid his dun a bangin'.

An' the smoke a tummin' out,
(Wid my t'umb I do it,
Rubbin' all the white about)
Sparks a-flyin' froo it.

I tan make a pretty house,
Wid a tree behind it,
An' a 'ittle mousey-mouse
Runnin' round to find it.

I tan put my hand out flat
On the slate and draw it.
(Ticklin' is the worst of that!)
Did you ever saw it?

I tan draw me runnin' bout —
Mamma's 'ittle posset,
(Slate's so dusty, rubbin' out,
Dess oo'd better wass it.)

Now, then, s'all I make a tree,
Wid a birdie in it?
All my picsurs you s'all see,
If you'll wait a minute.

No, I dess I'll make a man
Juss like Uncle Rolly;
See it tummin', fass's it tan!
Bet my slate is jolly!

A Letter Pocket.

There is really no Sunday School news left to tell the children this last week of vacation time, so we shall give you instead a little bundle of letters that have been waiting your eyes. The first is about *mothers*, and it will do us all good to read it:

Dear Readers of the Myrtle: — I suppose many of those whom I address, have lost their dear mothers. Perhaps so early, that they cannot remember a mother's love, and watchful care, over their most tender and helpless years. Perhaps others can well remember, a sick mother pining away, day by day, still anxious to minister to the loved ones she is so soon to leave to other hands. How hard the parting at last, when she feels she must leave them never more to return.

Think of this little readers, you who have mothers, that you love very much, but still at times are very disobedient, and think your own way the best, think how sad it is to have no one to call mother, and how very thankful you should be for this "best of Heaven's blessings."

Some grown up children are very ungrateful, after they have had a mother very many years. One that has toiled early and late for them, in sickness, and health, unmindful of her own pleasure or even comfort, but now she is old, her feet that were once elastic as theirs, is now feeble; her eyes have become dim; she is now in her second childhood, and may at times be impatient as they were once. Perhaps her hearing may be dull, and the same thing have to be repeated to her more than once before she can understand tt. And is it right, for those children to weary of one that did so much for them, by day and by night; that soothed them when hurt, and bore patiently with them when fretful, answering innumerable questions? But so it is.

Many cases might be named, where the "poor old mother," is not even welcomed to her children's home after they are married. One has an excuse that they have not room enough. Another does not want to sacrifice *show*, and make a humble and comfortable home, in order to minister to the declining years of a worthy mother. Another must keep a spare-room for strangers, sure they cannot do for their mother. So, instead of a hearty welcome, the "poor old lady" is sent, (not invited) from place to place, as these children see fit. She has no home of her own, and is not permitted to have a choice of her own. It may truly be said, she is almost "Over the Hill to the Poor House."

Now, dear children, if you should live to have an aged mother (or father) let it never be said that you were tired of them, for they had "outlived their usefulness."

A letter from Carry, Erie Co., Penn., says:

"We are trying to establish a Universalist Society and Sabbath School here, although we have but few members."

That has a brave and hopeful sound, and we have no doubt that the effort will result in success.

An afflicted father from West Kendall, N. Y., — Bro. O. F. Simpson — writes us these words:

"My little girl, Leora May, to whom your little paper was a welcome visitor and a great source of culture to her young and tender mind, departed this life one week ago yesterday. She was our only child, this being the second time we have been left alone. But the Lord gave and the Lord has taken away. But we mourn not as those having no hope."

These are sweet words although so sad; and in such a spirit we trust our dear friends will feel that it is "well with them," even as it is "well with the child." It certainly cheers our heart to know that the Myrtle was dear to the heart of the little one, and pray she may have found in it some lesson to make her young spirit even more meet for the skies.

The One Lesson System.

Now that the time draws near for the reopening of our Sunday Schools, and the year's work to commence, we wish there *could* be a general trial of the one lesson system. The series of lessons in the Myrtle are prepared partly with a view to this want, and will be found very helpful; also those in the *Helper*, which are especially adapted and recommended to the use of schools. But a lesson prepared by superintendent or pastor, will, if carefully considered, answer the purpose. This is the plan of Bro. Lewis of South Boston who has tried the system with great success. We cannot do better as a hint to teachers and superintendents, than copy the account of his experience as he gives it in the *Leader:*

Two years ago last April, we introduced what is called the One Lesson System into our school, and put all the classes upon it (some thirty or more), except the Infant Class — which includes all the children under eight years old. Every month since then it has grown steadily in favor with us, until now, seeing what it has done for the teachers and the taught, it approves itself to our thought as the best system of instruction yet tried by the Sunday School. The system with us is simply this; A preparatory meeting of teachers and pastor every Monday evening, when the lesson for the following Sunday is taken up, verse by verse, and thoroughly discussed, historically, geographically, morally, and religiously. No conference meeting talk, no preaching is attempted; both pastor and teachers set themselves at work to get and impart instruction upon the Lesson before them. Whatever is said must be in the direction of teaching the doctrine, practice, and facts of those Scriptural passages set for the following Sunday's lesson. All else is "ruled out." The illustrations as far as possible are drawn from our personal experience in the church, the Sunday School, and our daily work. Attendance upon this preparatory meeting is one of the conditions of joining our company of teachers. That such a condition can be successfully imposed, is shown by the fact, that while prior to two years ago last April, it was almost an impossibility to get a fit teacher; now a half dozen of our best men and women stand ready to take classes as soon as they can be found, and of all the conditions of admission, this one they like best. It gives them "something to teach," they say.

Next comes the lesson hour Sunday. All the classes, teachers and pupils, spend a half hour on the lesssn; then the pastor, or some teacher, generally steps to the platform, and puts some general question to the whole School, upon the lesson, to ascertain how faithful the instruction has been. Or he spends five minutes in so elucidating some point, or impressing upon the mind more emphatically some special teaching of the lesson. That is the whole system as it is with us. There is very little machinery about it. As to what part of the Bible is taught, is perfectly immaterial. When we adopted the system the *Helper* was *not*, I believe; or if it was, we had not heard of it; and so we took a a little text-book, called the "Life of Jesus," begotten of a Sunday School connected with the Pitts Street chapel in this city, in which, I believe, the system had its origin. By it we do nothing more than follow Jesus from Bethlehem to the Ascension. In the two years and a quarter we have come with him as far as Gethsemane. Sometime within the year we shall stand at last with those disciples "looking up into heaven." Then we shall follow these disciples on through the Book of Acts, as they go out upon the blessed work of founding the Christian Chunch.

What a Child Can Do.

We remember the instance of a little girl in a Sunday School, who said to her teacher one day, "I want everybody to come to the Sunday School," and this desire prompted her to see what she could do to make some additions to her own school. She went diligently to work, and in less than a year, there were thirteen little boys and girls brought into the infant department by her efforts. What might be accomplished, would every scholar imitate the example of this earnest little child.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says, "The love of God is more than a match for sin, and will conquer it and redeem the world." This is what Universalists believe.

In the District of Columbia, there are 100 colored Sunday Schools, with 2,864 pupils, 228 teachers, and 63 superintendents.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON LII.

THE SAVIOUR GRANTS THE REQUEST OF A GENTILE WOMAN.

"The Gentiles shall come to thy light."

SCRIPTURE, — Matt. xv. 21–28; Mark vii. 24–30.

Quesiion. — Where did Jesus go, after teaching in Galilee?

Answer. — Matt. xv. 21.

NOTE. Tyre and Sidon, cities noted for their commerce, were not Jewish cities. Jesus seems to have gone into the vicinity of them to escape, for a season, the multitudes that gathered about him as he taught. Syrophenecia was a narrow strip of country extending along the eastern coast of the Mediterranean Sea. Tyre and Sidon were situated within it.

Q. — Who asked a favor of Jesus?

A. — Mark vii. 25.

NOTE, The Jews divided mankind into Jews and Gentiles; and the term "Greek" was applied by them to civilized Gentiles.

Q. — For what did she ask?

A. — Mark vii. 26.

NOTE. The Jews, as we have before shown, ascribed many diseases to the presence and power of evil spirits.

Q. — What reply did Jesus make to the request?

A. — Mark vii. 27.

NOTE. We make pets of dogs. And yet even we who are so fond of them, express contempt when we call a person a dog. By the law of Moses the dog was an unclean animal, and consistent Jews did not keep them. Therefore with them it expressed the greatest contempt to call a person a dog. But it was an epithet frequently applied to Gentiles

Q. — What answer did the woman make?

A. — Mark vii. 28.

Q. — What did Jesus say to such perfect humility?

A. — Mark vii. 29.

Q. — What did the woman find when she returned home?

A. — Mark vii. 30.

Jesus referred to the Jews when he spoke of "the children." They were the chosen people. The woman made no claims except those of her need. That she frankly told. Jesus having tried her and found her worthy, gave her all she asked.

Hidden Seed

Enigma.

T is an unruly member;
H, we evcr should remember;
E, a sorcerer, and dissembler.

G the Jews despise and shun;
O was Ruth's beloved son;
O, a mountain near to Zion's;
D was saved from hungry lions.

S was sent from Heaven above;
E, the Saviour bids us love;
E our tongues should never speak;
D, an ancient idol weak.

I, the wealth of love we call;
S we should not do — at all.

T, a gem of rarest merit;
H is a fruit of the spirit;
E, the righteous shall inherit.

W is in the sea;
O a judge was said to be;
R exalts a nation high;
D a king of majesty.

O is one of Heaven's first laws;
F once heard Paul plead his cause.

G who powerful and all-wise
O prefers to sacrifice;
D ever before us lies.

Answers.

SEPT. 2. The Eye.

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